aw/10/25/7 52/8(244)

" HOW YOU WERE BORN."

ZOE DAWE.
Oct. 1935.

All this time you had been slowly travelling along and at last you came to the end of the tunnel which opened into a wider space that was something like the mouth with all the hard parts taken away. This place is called the womb. (Learned people call it the uterus.) This is still inside your mother's body, nearly behind the little round dent in the middle of her tummy, called the navel. (You have one, haven't you?)

By this time you had grown quite a bit, maybe you were nearly as big as a rather small pea.

In such a big place, - for it seemed big to tiny you - you were afraid of getting lost, so you hung on to the side, which was soft and comfortable. Your mother had been getting it ready for you in the hope that you would meet Sperm and learn to grow.

As soon as she felt that you were really there, nearly awake, and growing, she grew a skin round you as you clung to the side of the womb, so that you wouldn't fall, and so that you could grow in safety .....and grow you did.....

She sent food for you into the bag of skin she had made round you, and took away from you all the stuff that was wasted as you grew. She made a kind of mattress full of water for you to lie on so that you could lie quite comfortably and so that you wouldn't get hurt when she moved about.

Soon you began to get a shape. There was a big head and a funny little body with knobs that would one day grow into arms and legs.

After about 3 months you really began to look like a rather queer baby and you became more alive every day.

Although you were getting quite big, and were rather heavy and uncomfortable for your mother to carry about inside her, she kept you there, for she was anxious that you should be kept warm and well-fed. (You couldn't feed yourself yet....you didn't even know how to breathe, but used the air your mother sent you from her own breathing.)

For nine months she carried you about, and then, at last you were finished enough to leave her body. So with a good deal of pushing and pressing and squeezing, at last you came, down a passage, wider

-P.T.O.-

than the one you were in before, that led to the world outside her body, and you took your first breath of air, and were really awake at last!

You were still fastened to your mother by a cord made of the tubes that had fed you, and helped to keep you safely for so long. This had to be cut before you were really a person on your own, and your end of it was tucked into your tummy.

Being born is rather difficult and it made you and your mother both very tired, so she rested for a while afterwards, and so did you..sleep and sleep and sleep.

Your mother still fed you for many months from her own body; from outside now, instead of from inside. For although you looked alright, you were not really finished inside - that takes about 15 or 16 years; and you won't be perfectly finished, inside and out, until you are quite grown up.

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This is not intended for the use of the child, but for the mother's information and guidance, so that she may have words to speak when she is suddenly confronted with the question. Care has been taken to eliminate any occasion for feelings of embarrassment on her part, (there is none on the part of the child unless an adult introduces it) and yet to cover the ground in some detail, in anticipation of the possibility of cross-examination.

The mother will be guided by the attitude of the child as to how much information to pass on; this will depend, to some extent, on the age of that little person. The important point is that the answer must be given frankly, and with no show of reluctance or hesitation.